

RONDELS (AT MONTE CARLO).

Written in the Casino, Monte Carlo.

I.

THERE is no hell but earth: O coil of fate
Binding us surely in the Halls of Birth,
The unsubstantial, the dissolving state!
There is no hell but earth.

Vain are the falsehoods that subserve to mirth.
Dust is to dust, create or uncreate.
The wheel is bounded by the world's great girth.

By prayer and penance unregenerate,
Redeemed by no man's sacrifice or worth,
We swing: no mortal knows his ultimate.
There is no hell but earth.

II.

In all the skies the planets and the stars
Receive us, where our fate in order plies.
Somewhere we live between the savage bars
In all the skies.

Let God's highest heaven receive the man who dies—
All hath an end: he falls: the stains and scars
Are his throughout unwatched eternities.

The roses and the scented nenuphars
Give hope—oh! monolith! oh house of lies!
We change and change and fade, strange avatars
In all the skies.

III.

One way sets free. That way is not to tread
Through fire or earth or spirit, air or sea.
That secret is not gathered of the dead.
On way sets free.

Not to desire shall lead *to not to be*.
There is no hope within, none overhead,
None by the chance of fate's august decree.

It is a path where tears are ever shed.
There is no joy—is that a path for me?
Yea! though I track the ways of utmost dread,
One way sets free.